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MISCELLANY.

ARTHEMUS WARD AND THE CARDIFF GIANT is now suggested that the Cardiff Giant is one of Artemus Ward's lost wax figures. One of the papers quotes the following account of the great showman's visit to Utica as corroborative evidence.

In the fall of 1886 I showed my show in Utica, a truly great city in the state of New York.

The people gave me a cordial reception. The press was kind in its praise.

One day as I was giving a description of my Beasts and Snakes, in my usual flowery style, what was my scorn and disgust to see a big burly fellow, walk up to the cage containing my figures of the Lord's Lost Supper, and cease Julius Caesar by the feet and drag him out on the ground. He then commenced to pound him as hard as he could.

"What under the sun are you about?" cried I.

"Seh he, 'What do you bring this pussant creature out here for?" and he hit the wax figure a tremendous blow on the head.

"Seh I, 'You eggheads, that air's wax figger, a representation of the false 'Posie,"

"Seh he, 'That's very well, but fur you to say, but I tell you, old man, that Julius Caesar can't show 'hissself' in 'Unky with impunity by a damn side.' With which objection I bowed in. Julius had the young man belonged to one of the best families of 'Unky. I sood him, and the poor, brawny in a verdict of arson in the 3d degree."

ONLY CHRISTIAN John Wesley, once was troubled in regard to the disposition of the various sects, and the chances of each in reference to future happiness or punishment. A dream one night troubled him in his uncertain wanderings to the gates of hell.

"Are there any Roman Catholics there?" asked the thoughtful Wesley.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Any Presbyterians?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"Any Congregationalists?"

"Yes."

"Any Methodists?" by way of a clincher asked the pious Wesley.

"Yes," to his great indignation, was answered.

In the mystic way of his dream, a sudden transition, and he stood before the gates of heaven. Improving his opportunity, he again inquired.

"Are there any Roman Catholics there?"

"No," was answered.

"Any Presbyterians?"

"No."

"Any Congregationalists?"

"No."

"Any Methodists?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"Christians!" was the jubilant answer.

LOVELY DEATH OF A MIBER. Not long since a little bedroom in the highest story of Taylor's hotel in Jersey City, was broken open by the life collector, when he found that the lifeless body of one of the oldest boarders in the house was sitting bolt upright in a chair before the table. The man was dead, and had been for years the prey of disease, and the discovery that he had at last died alone without warning, though a matter of course, and regret was not the least of the slightest suspicion. For five or six years the old man, dressed in the roughest garments, has been gliding silently from his garret to the dining room, and back again to his room. What his occupation was no one knew, or seemed to care. Only one person in the neighborhood was ever admitted to his room. When questioned, the girl replied in all ways that there was nothing remarkable in the room except a remarkable absence of any thing to make it comfortable, a few old coats, coarse shirts and patched boots, and two old trunks were all. An examination showed that there was property in the room worth over \$600,000, besides securities for vast sums of money. A will was found, and named the entire property to his sister and her children. The miser died as he lived, alone, a bachelor, with no kind near him, wedded to stocks and bonds, and separated from them only by death.

SNOW DEFENSE ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD. The Central Pacific Railroad Company has completely rebuilt the 8000 feet—over one mile and a half—of snow-shedding which was destroyed by a few months ago. The company has also considerably extended the shedding beyond the old limits, so that it now aggregates about thirty-five miles in length, and protects the track through a greater part of the deep snow belt in the high Sierra. The Union Pacific Company has also been erecting more extensive defenses against snow through the region of deepest snow-fall on the coast, where about 150 miles long, about half of the track has been fenced. A writer in the Bee says the fences, made in part of stone wall and in part of lumber, are put back from the track fifty or sixty feet, and parallel with it, over some hills and other places are most likely to cause drifts, the sole object being to prevent the drifting of the snow by wind in cases of the average depth, with which the snow plows can deal. If one fence is not sufficient to break the drift outside of the track, another one is placed further back. The wooden fences are usually made in the form of panels, with the board covering put on either vertical or horizontal. A part of the panels stand inward toward the road and a part outward, so that the whole fence being usually braced. The great part of this fencing is on the highest portion of the road, lying principally over the Black Hills.

PAPA AND THE BLACK PILL. Pat went to the house of the priest to confess his sins, and passed into the kitchen to ask for the holy father, but perceiving that there was no one in the room, while the holy lane was passing the table from the market, Pat lost no time in securing the prize. Hiding it as well as he could under his coat, he proceeded to the apartment of the priest, and said:

"Here, your reverence, is a fine leg of bacon which I stole and brought as a present to your holiness. Will you take it?"

"Take it?" said the confessor; "by no means. Carry it back, instantly!"

"Faith, an I did, sir, and he said he wouldn't take it by no means."

"Carry it back, instantly!"

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"Carry it back, instantly!"

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POPULAR SONGS, WITH APPLICATIONS.

"From countries far away I came," as the returned convict said.

"All is lost now," as the ruined gambler said.

"Say, traveler, stay, stay, as the highwayman said.

"Where'er you tell, as the I feel," as the lobster said to the man who was boiling him.

"Good news from home," as the young reporter said, when his father died and left him the heir.

"I'm leaving this in sorrow, Annie," as the man said to his wife when he sold his furniture and eloped with another woman.

POETRY.

A SCHOOL GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

Geography? Yes, there's a lesson each day, But it's a lesson that's never the same. We've been in South Africa nearly a month, Perhaps we'll go north by November.

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THE BANGOR DAILY WHIG AND COURIER, OFFICE, Kenduskeag Bridge.

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